

### The Song of Steam.

By G. W. CUTTER.

Harness me down with your iron bands;  
Be sure of your curb and rein,  
For I scorn the power of your puny hands.  
As the tempest scorns a chain,  
How I laughed as I lay concealed from sight  
For many a countless hour,  
At the childish boast of human might,  
And the pride of human power.

When I saw an army upon the land,  
A navy upon the sea,  
Creeping along, a snail-like band,  
Or waiting me wayward breeze;  
When I marred the peasant's tammy reel  
With the ton which he daily bore,  
And he feebly turned the tarry wheel,  
Or lagged the weary oar;

When I measur'd the panting courser's speed,  
The flight of a carrier dove,  
As they bore the law of a king decreed,  
Or the lines of impatient love;  
I could not but think how the world would feel.  
As these were outstripped afar,  
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,  
Or chained to the flying car.

Ha! ha! ha! they found me at last,  
They invited me forth at gunn,  
And I rushed to my throne with thunder blast,

And laughed in my iron strength,  
Out then ye saw a wondrous change  
On the earth and ocean wave,  
Where now my very armies range,  
Nor wait for wind or tide.

Hurrall hurrall! the waters o'er  
The mountains sleep decline,  
Time, space, have yielded to my power—  
The world the world is mine!

The rivers, the sun hath earned his brest,  
Or those where his beams decline;  
The giant's realms of the quæzy west,  
Or the orient floods divine.

The ocean pales, where'er I sweep,  
To near my strength rejoice,  
And the mounds of the earthy deep  
Cower, trembling at my voice.

I carry the wealth and the lord of earth,  
The thoughts of his godlike mind;

The wind lays low my dying form,

The lightning is let loose.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine,

My tireless arm doth play,

Where the rocks never saw the sun decline,

Or the dawn of glorious day.

I bring earth's glittering jewels up

From the hidden cave below,

And make the mountain's granite cup

With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,  
In all the shops of trade;

I hammer the ore and turn the wheel

Where my arms of strength are made;

I manage the furnace, the mills, the mine;

I carry, I spin, I weave;

And all my doings I put in print

On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscle to weary, no breast to decay,

No bones to be ta'en on the skein;

And soon I intend you may go and play;

While I manage this world of myself.

But harness me down with your iron bands,

Be sure of your curb and rein,

For I scorn the strength of your puny hands

As the tempest scorns a chain.

*Still Further Successful Researches at Pompeii*—A letter from Naples of the 9th ult., and published in a Paris paper, states that a few days before that date, the Scientific Congress, now assembled at Naples, led by their President, M. St. Angelo, reported to Pompeii, where, in the presence of the society, investigations were resumed under the direction of Mr. Carlo Bonucci, chief conservator of the antiquities of the kingdom. The operations were crowned with success. In a street in the vicinity of the Augustan temple they discovered two shops fitted with different kitchen utensils made of iron and bronze which were in all probability exposed there for sale. Opposite these shops they discovered a magazine containing blocks of native and African marble, and five statues of white marble, of different sizes, including that of a lama and another representing a skeleton of a woman enveloped in flowing drapery. In this last statue the learned archaeologists present recognized the Goddess of Envy. At one of the extremes of the Rue de la Fortune they cleared their way to a house which contained on the ground floor a large saloon, filled with various articles of office furniture, in one of which were found some silver coins of the reigns of Vespasian and Galba, and several marble weights. All the heights surrounding Pompeii and several of the streets and squares of that city, was crowded with people, so that it seemed for a moment as if the ancient Roman city had recovered its inhabitants, its life and its activity.

*How to Write for Newspapers.*—Have something to write about. Write plain—dot your i's—cross your t's—point your sentences—begin them with capitals. Write short—to the point—stop when you are done. Write only one side of a leaf. Read it over, a bridge and correct it, until you get it into the shortest space possible. "PAY THE POSTAGE."

### [From the New York News.] Oregon and California.

We have received, through the politeness of B. B. French, Esq., Clerk of the House of Representatives, a valuable work, being the report of the exploring expedition to the Rocky Mountains by Captain Fremont, of the United States corps of Topographical Engineers.—This gentleman is a son of W. W. French, of the Hon. Thomas H. Benton. This enterprising officer, under the orders of Col. Albert, of that engineers, left Washington May, 1842, and reached St. Louis on the 22d of the same month, for the purpose of exploring and reporting on the country between the Missouri frontier and the Rocky Mountains. In the following year the same officer had orders to extend his survey to Oregon and California, along the whole coast of the Pacific, in connection with the naval surveys of Commander Wilkes. This latter expedition occupied most of the years 1844 & 5, and the report of these two expeditions forms the contents of the work before us. In the first expedition, Captain Fremont selected 21 men at St. Louis, mostly Creole and Canadian voyageurs, familiar with the prairies. He was also accompanied by Randolph Benton, a son of Col. Benton, and but 12 years old. These, all well armed and mounted, started on the 10th of June, and commenced a series of hardships and romantic adventures seldom equalled. The means of crossing rivers was an India rubber boat 20 feet long and 5 broad. The result of the expedition was the acquirement of a vast deal of valuable information in relation to that part of our national domain. In May, 1843, Capt. Fremont again prepared to depart with 30 men, armed with Hall's carbines and a 12 pound howitzer, furnished by the United States arsenal. This expedition is of great importance in many points of view, and the report is a compound with maps of the country and plates of the most interesting objects that presented themselves, in scenery as well as of fossil shells and plants. The report states that in May, 1844, they had completed an immense circuit of twelve degrees diameter north and south, and 10 degrees east and west. This circuit being 3,500 miles, was made in eight months, and embraced a view of Oregon, of North California, and of the two principal streams which form the harbors on the coast. In all this time they were never out of sight of snow. The general face of the country is described as the most impregnable in the world, and farther than that, *wink at an acquisition* of that country. I believe I have given not only the substance, but the words of the declaration as very often repeated by Mr. Adams, to members of the House and to citizens also.

### Value of a Newspaper.

Sir John Herschel says of all the amusements which can possibly be imagined for a hard-working man, after his daily toils, or his intervals, there is nothing like reading an entertaining newspaper. It calls for no bodily exertions, of which he has had enough or too much. It relieves his home of its dullness and sameness, which, in nine cases out of ten, is what drives him out to the ale-house, to his owner and his family's. It transports him into a lover, and gay, and more diversified and interesting scene—and while he enjoys himself there, he may forget the evils of the present moment, fully as much as if he was ever so drunk, with the great advantage of finding himself next day with his money in his pocket, or at least laid out in real necessities and comforts for his family, and without a headache. Nay, it even impels him to his next day's work, and if the paper he has been reading be anything above the very dullest and slightest, gives him something to think of besides the mechanical drudgery of his everyday occupation—something he can enjoy while absent, and look forward with pleasure to return to.

**MOLIERE AND CONSECRATED GROUND.** Upon an application being made to the Archbishop of Paris, after Molier's death, to admit him to his burial, the prelate refused to admit the body into consecrated ground. The king, indignant at this, expostulated, but it was of no avail—the Archbishop was obstinate. His majesty then asked, "To what depth the consecrated ground reaches?" to which the Archbishop replied, "About eight feet." The king immediately said, "Well, as I find there is no getting over you in any other way, let his grave be dug twelve feet deep," then he will be four feet below your consecrated ground."

**MR. ADAM'S OPINION.**—The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun writes under date of the 16th inst: The feelings of Congress, in regard to the President's Message, has been manifested in a general disposition to support the Executive. The declarations of Mr. Adams on this subject are important, and have not been fully stated. Nothing, he says, would induce him to submit to any compromise by which any part of Oregon should be abbreviated, but an agreement with Genl. Berney, by which she should relinquish all pretensions to the Californias, and, further than that, *wink at an acquisition* of that country. I believe I have given not only the substance, but the words of the declaration as very often repeated by Mr. Adams, to members of the House and to citizens also.

### PROSPECTUS.

For publishing in the town of Koscusko, Attala county, Miss., a weekly newspaper, to be entitled the

### KOSCUSKO CHRONICLE.

The United States of America is a great country—the State of Mississippi a great State—the county of Attala a great county—and the Town of Koscusko, no doubt, would be a great Town, was it not for the simple facts that the seat of government has not yet been removed to said town—that Big Black has not yet been cleared out, so that steam-boats can navigate it up to a point opposite said town—that the Jackson-Rail road has not yet been extended on, through Canton, to said town—and more particularly, that at this time there is no newspaper published in said town, through which these projects can be made before his great people. Now, it is a well-established fact, beyond the point of contradiction, that we are a great people who live in this great country—State—county—and that we expect great works to be accomplished in our time or other, by somebody or other, or somebody else, and that Koscusko would be a great place if these great improvements were but just completed, thereby bringing it, as it were, within a stone's throw of the East Indies, Australia, China, Siberia, Green and Kamtschatka and the North Pole.

Therefore, be it known to all men, women, children and grasshoppers, that the subscriber, in order to facilitate these great undertakings, and prevent their being nipped in the bud, and more particularly to turn an honest penny for himself, proposes to commence the publication of a little newspaper in said town, on Saturday, the third day of January, Anno Domini one thousand eight hundred and forty six, to be styled the Koscusko Chronicle, and to continue to publish said paper weekly, until these great objects shall be accomplished, should the Lord be pleased to spare his life so long, and he be willing to continue in the business that long; and if not him, then to have it done by somebody else after him. The subscriber being a strong believer in the doctrines promulgated by the immaculate Harry of the West and the Godlike Daniel of the East, it might be surmised by the knowledges that the paper will be whimsically inclined; but be this as it may, he will not at this time contradict it.

**COM. JESSE D. ELLIOTT** died of dropsy on the 10th inst. in Philadelphia. He was commander of the Philadelphia Naval Station, and his death is a loss to the country.

**TERMS.**—Two Dollars per annum in advance. G. W. HARLOW, Koscusko, Dec. 30, 1845.

### PLAYING, VISITING AND

### BLANK CARDS.

GEORGE COOK, of the late firm of Ely, Smith & Cook, for the past six years manufacturers of the celebrated Barrier Cards, would inform the patrons and friends of the old establishment, No. 71, Fulton street, where he has a ways been employed, that he continues the manufacture of all the varieties of Playing, Visiting and Blank Cards, heretofore furnished by the establishment—and that orders for the various kinds will be faithfully and promptly executed on application to his sole agents, Messrs. Ely and Latham, No. 71, Fulton street, at the following prices, usual discount off for cash, or to those who buy to sell again, viz:

Marble and white backs,	\$36 per gross
Harry and " "	30 "
Decorators, " "	24 "
Elliott, " "	21 "
Merry Andrews, " "	18 "
English cards, No. 1, star and marble back,	15 "
" No. 2, " "	12 "

Enamelled, Ivory, and Pearl Surface Cards, as per the following scale—

Large—No. 14 Enamelled,	5 00
14 " "	5 00
13 " "	4 00
12 " "	4 00
15 Ivory and Plain Surface,	2 00

14 " "	1 87
13 " "	1 75
12 " "	1 50
15 " "	1 25
14 " "	1 25

Small—No. 14 Enamelled,	4 00
10 " "	3 50
9 " "	3 00
8 " "	2 50
7 " "	2 50
6 " "	2 25
5 " "	2 00
4 " "	2 00
3 " "	1 50
2 " "	1 50
1 " "	1 25

11 Ivory and Plain Surface,	1 37
10 " "	1 25
9 " "	1 25
8 " "	1 00
7 " "	1 00
6 " "	1 00
5 " "	75
4 " "	75
3 " "	62
2 " "	62
1 " "	60

Embossed Enamelled Cards, tinted plain, burnished polished, with elegant designs, as borders. Printer's Blank Cards,

Small blanks, [playing card size] no. 1, \$15 per gross; no. 2, \$12. Large no. 1, \$24 per gross; ss—no. 2, \$21. Double size of the small no. 1, \$30 per gross—double size of the small no. 2 \$24. Double size of the large no. 1, \$62 per gross—double size of the large no. 2, \$62.

Also, all the above sizes of every description, to order. Other sizes cut to order of either the foregoing qualities.

Mourning Cards of various sizes made to order.

Gold bordered do do do do

Gift edge do do do do

Embossed Sheets, cap size, and 20 by 24 inches.

Ivory Surfaces, do do do

Pearl do do do

Blank Sheets do do do

Also, Railroad and Steamboat tickets made to order, of any color, or of different colors, as may be desired.

The subscriber requests all editors in the United States and Canada, who are disposed to take their pay in cards, and who will send him a copy of their paper containing this advertisement, to insert it for three months.

GEORGE COOK,  
New York, April 23, 1845. 1 P.M.

**PRINTER'S LOOK BOOK.**

**MACHINERY CUT WOOD TYPES.**